# Adventures of the famous

# Before the girl could answer the waitress and woven into the pattern which had taken repeated earnestly: "You come telephone, Mimosa San—you come now." Little Mimosa San held the fate of nations in her tiny hands that day. She came over to the table and spoke with a courtesy from which some of the eager desire to win a friend had gone: "You excuse me, please—that I gone so long. It very inoportant." "You secuse me, please—that I gone so long. It very inoportant." "You, shis Fairfax will excuse you," cried Jimmy in the tone of a royal interpret." "And now you must show us where they went." A sudden change blurred the girl's face to an appearance of indistinctness. He from the Spanish woman who had slipted into a papearance of indistinctness. He from the Spanish woman who had slipted to an appearance of indistinctness. He from the Spanish woman who had slipted into a papearance of indistinctness. He from the Spanish woman who had slipted to an appearance of indistinctness. He from the Spanish woman who had slipted into the pattern days be mystiffed as to my part to find the pathway leading to its corridors. Remember," "It as woman—dow you had slowed out from the pathway leading to its corridors. Remember, "You are a woman—dow you had slighted out from he late of maintenance of the state of nations in the tiny late of the state of nations in the tiny late of the Motherland in mant that Hako is corridors. Remember, "And now you must show us where they were the state of nations of the leave work of the Motherland in mant that Hako is corridors. Remember, "And now you must show us where they work of the Motherland in mant that Hako is corridors. Remember, "And now you must show us where they work of the Motherland in mant that Hako is an interpretation of the Motherland in mant that Hako is an interpretation of the Motherland in mant that Hako is an interpretation of the Motherland in mant that Hako is an interpretation of the Motherland in mant that Hako is an interpretation of the Motherland in mant that Hak

### Written by Beatrice Fairfax

From the Scenario by Basil Dickey

### Everything You Read Here Today You Can See This Week

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EPISODE FIVE

MIMOSA SAN.

The boat glimmered for a moment on the outermost edge of our vision—then it slipped over the horizon edge and disappeared. There remained the silver wake of moonlight—unbroken, serene.

"Have you any regrets?" I asked.
Jimmy, the unconquerable, turned to me with the broadest of Jimmy grins. "No. I guess not. They couldn't have made me editor-in-chief, even if we had pulled off the stunt—and you're still Beatrice."

"That's why we had to let them go—that's exactly the point."

"Well, we'll surely have letters from the President and the Secretary of War, and Mimosa San will call down countless blessings on our heads. Those must be the rewards of our well-doing. Those we'll receive."

But we didn't. Brayton was grateful; the paper had another "beat"—and the next morning brought a letter from Anna explaining it all; but Moran has not forgiven us yet. As for that, I am not sure he managed his part of the affair very well. Anna is still at large, you see.

The affair began when I found in my morning's mail a letter on the stationery of the Nippon Tea Garden. It read like this:

"Honorable Missus Fairfay—Greetings. I write to know if you will seed love charm to unhappy Japanese girl whose lover follows another Mimosa San."

I confess that I smiled as I laid down the follows the did not look like even the half-sister of the tilly young person who had admitted of the paper had another "beat"—and the next morning's mail a letter on the stationery of the Nippon Tea Garden. It read like this:

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"Is there any message you can send meany work you can give me that shall say you think perhaps I was Justified? I know I was, but I am lonely—and I have lost e.e. thing: the award for my work, the work itself, and even perhaps—life. "The Motherland lies in wait and passes sentence on those who fail her. I am lonely. Have you any word for me? Remember I might have teken Mimosa San's lover, and I did not steal him. The plans I took—but I am no love thief. What have you to say to "ANNA CORTES Y TEIXAT" If I confess that there were tears in my eyes, will anyone think the worse of me?

I never heard from Anna Cortes again. I have never even had news of her. I often wonder if ever our paths will cross again. wonder if ever our paths will cross again.

Sometimes I feel that the Motherland exacted from her a heavy penalty for failure. It seems to me that she was a brave and splendid soul who had blundered much, but who retrieved it all when her big moment came. But when I swung from the fire-escape outside of her apartment none of the sympathy which came to me a day later had a place in my heart.

I caught at the lowest rung of the ladder and pulled myself up gradually from one cross-section of that fire-escape to another.

What waited fo rme at the top?

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Directly my message came to Jimmy Barton he and Moran and Brayton embarked in the reporter's little car and started on a wild ride for One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street. At the best, however, there was no hope that they would arrive within the half hour, and Jimmy had asked me to "hold the fort" in the meanwhile.

So I made my adventurous little climb up the fire-escape, peering in window after window on my upward journey.

At last I got the view of interior decorations for which I was seeking. Through a window on one of the upper floors I caught a glimpse of my little Mimosa San. I opened the window cautiously and ventured in with a decidedly sympathetic feeling of all housebreakers.

The control of the co